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ELEKTRA
Assassin
ELEKTRA 4
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ELEKTRA Assassin

—THE LOST YEARS—

SOVIETS KILLED AMBASSADOR REICH, CHARGES PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—"Ambassador Reich was murdered by Soviet communist spies," said the President in a press conference today.

The President refused to offer any evidence to support his charge. "I don't need evidence," said the President. "I'm the President. I know what I'm talking about," he said.

"I got elected, didn't I?" he said.

United States Ambassador Reich was stabbed through the heart with a Japanese short sword during a banquet for U.S. Democratic Presidential Candidate Ken Wind last Tuesday. He was slain while under the protection of S.H.I.E.L.D., the United Nations espionage Agency. His assassin is still at large.

S.H.I.E.L.D. officials refused to comment on the President's statement.

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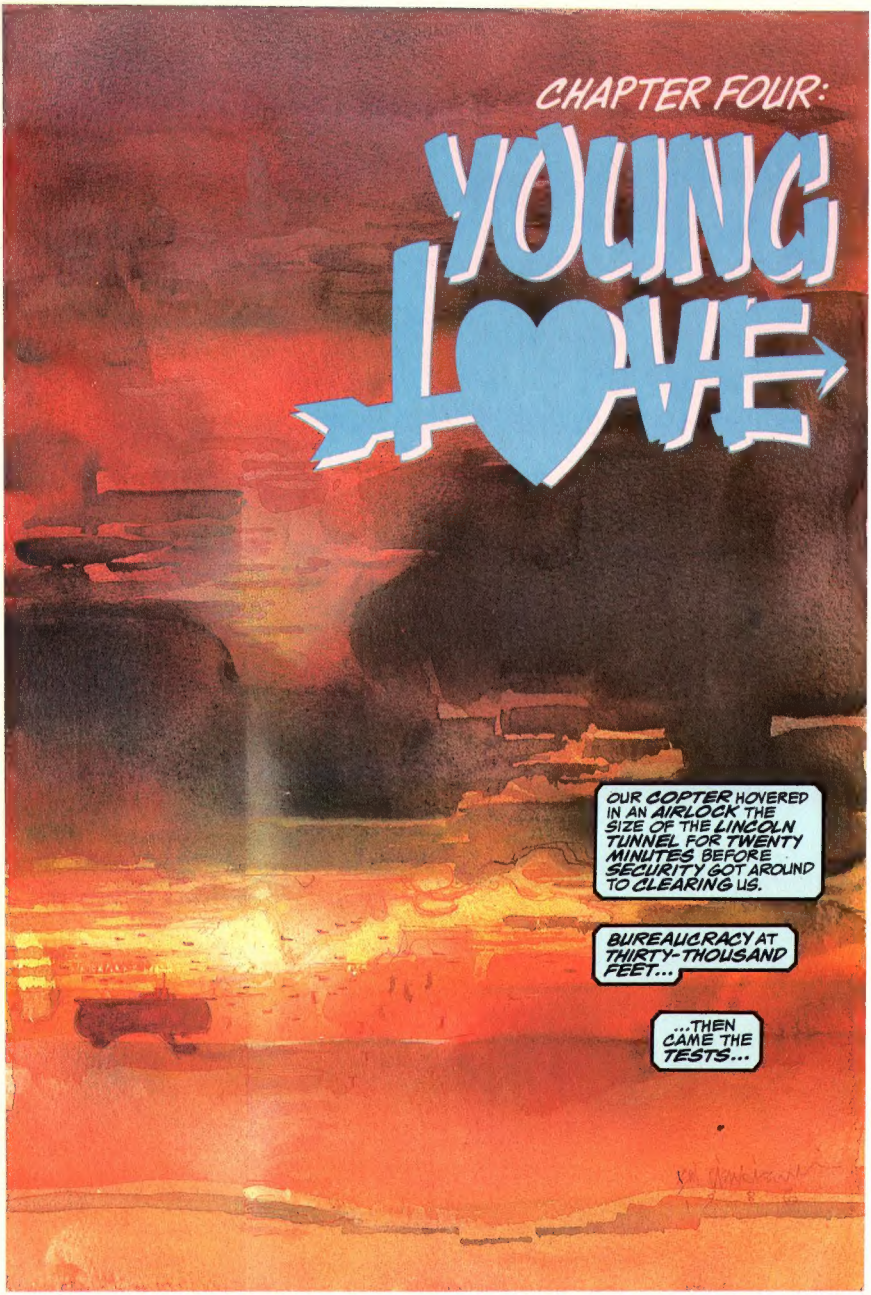
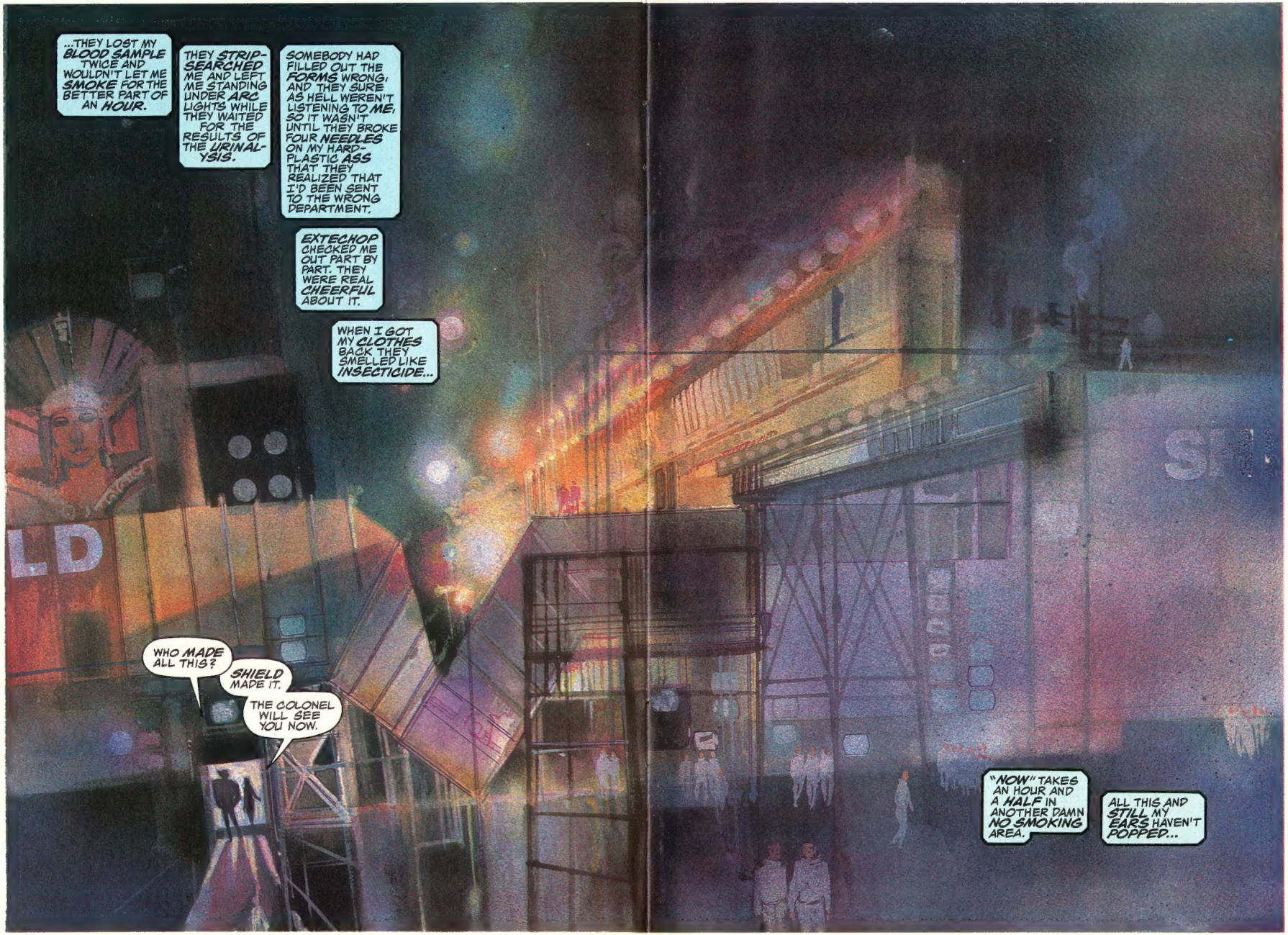
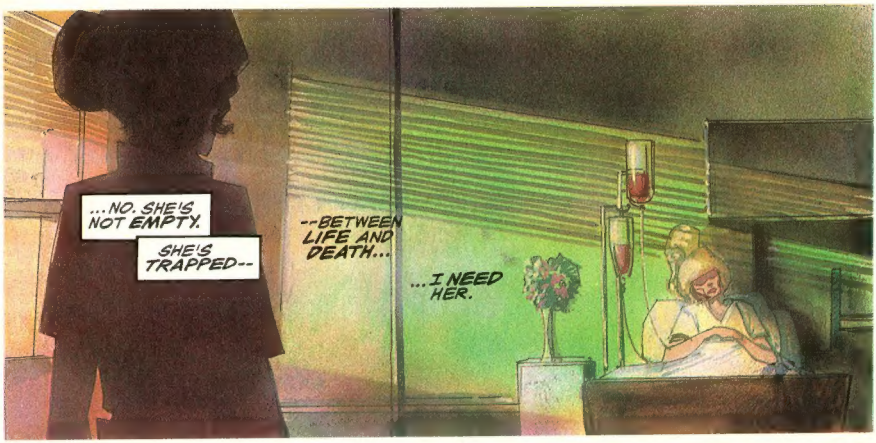

CHAPTER FOUR:
YOUNG LOVE
OUR COPTER HOVERED IN AN AIRLOCK THE SIZE OF THE LINCOLN TUNNEL FOR TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE SECURITY GOT AROUND TO CLEARING US.
BUREAUCRACY AT THIRTY-THOUSAND FEET...
...THEN CAME THE TESTS...


...THEY LOST MY BLOOD SAMPLE TWICE AND WOULDN'T LET ME SMOKE FOR THE BETTER PART OF AN HOUR.
THEY STRIP-SEARCHED ME AND LEFT ME STANDING UNDER ARC LIGHTS WHILE THEY WAITED FOR THE RESULTS OF THE URINALYSIS.
SOMEBODY HAD FILLED OUT THE FORMS WRONG; AND THEY SURE AS HELL WEREN'T LISTENING TO ME, SO IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY BROKE FOUR NEEDLES ON MY HARD-PLASTIC ASS THAT THEY REALIZED THAT I'D BEEN SENT TO THE WRONG DEPARTMENT.
EXTECHOP CHECKED ME OUT PART BY PART. THEY WERE REAL CHEERFUL ABOUT IT.
WHEN I GOT MY CLOTHES BACK THEY SMELLED LIKE INSECTICIDE...
WHO MADE ALL THIS?
SHIELD MADE IT.
THE COLONEL WILL SEE YOU NOW.
"NOW" TAKES AN HOUR AND A HALF IN ANOTHER DAMN NO SMOKING AREA.
ALL THIS AND STILL MY EARS HAVEN'T POPPED...

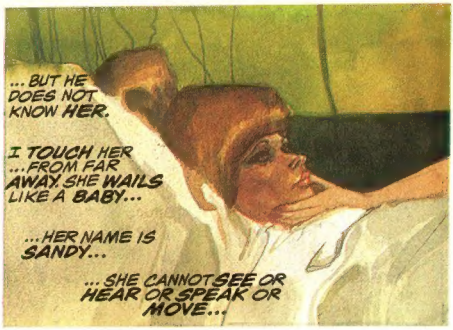
STAR TREK DOORS OPEN WITH A HISS.
I SWEAR HE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK IN MY DIRECTION.
YOU'RE GARRETT?
YES, SIR.
I DON'T THINK I LIKE YOU, GARRETT.
I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT I DON'T LIKE YOUR REPORT--
BLANG!
--SO YOU'RE FILING IT ALL OVER AGAIN FOR ME--POINT BY POINT.
THIS TIME OUT, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT ANY SUPER-POWERED NINJA.
THAT WON'T BE EASY, COLONEL FURY...

...THIS WOMAN FIRED A CROSSBOW BOLT FROM A MOVING AMUSEMENT PARK RIDE INTO THE NECK OF A SOUTH AMERICAN PRESIDENTE--
--SHE BROKE INTO A SHIELD BASE LIKE IT WAS THE LOCAL WENDY'S--
SENATOR WILLING ON LINE THREE COLONEL. IT'S ABOUT EXTECHOP FUNDING.
RIGHT, RIGHT...
...KEEP TALKING, GARRETT. GOD GAVE ME TWO EARS.
--IN THE COURSE OF ALL THIS SHE MURDERED SEVERAL SHIELD AGENTS INCLUDING MY PARTNER--
--BUT THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT...
NOTHING'S BESIDE THE POINT, GARRETT.
SENATOR--AS LONG AS THE WAR STAYS NICE AND COLD, AND THE WARHEADS STAY IN THEIR SILOS, OUR CONFLICT WITH THE ENEMY REMAINS ESSENTIALLY MAN TO MAN.
...YES, SENATOR...
...I'M LISTENING GARRETT...
SHE RAIDED OUR INFORMATION BANKS OF ALL DATA CONCERNING SECURITY PROCEDURES FOR U.S. AMBASSADOR REICH--
--THEN ASSASSINATED HIM WITH AN ANTIQUE SWORD...
...SHE INDUCED HALLUCINATIONS IN MYSELF AND OTHER AGENTS--
...YES, SENATOR, WE CAN BE CERTAIN THAT THE SOVIETS HAVE AN IDENTICAL PROGRAM IN PLACE.
THEY LOVE THIS SORT OF THING.
--HALLUCINATIONS THAT EFFECTED TEMPORARY MIND CONTROL.
YES, COLONEL, WE ARE TALKING ABOUT SUPER-POWERED NINJA.
NICE OUTLINE, GARRETT. NOW BACK IT UP.
...YES, SENATOR...
WHAT CAN I TELL HIM? I KEEP TO THE FACTS...

NO SMOKING IN THE COPTER, GARRETT.
...THE FACTS THAT MAKE SENSE, ANYWAY.
I DON'T HIT OUR WAR HERO DIRECTOR WITH THE NEWS ABOUT ELEKTRA'S PARTNER.
HER COLLABORATOR.
THE PERFECT FLAMING ASSHOLE WHO'S PROTECTED HER--AND HER IDENTITY. EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.
ME.
ALL I'VE WANTED IS TO BLOW HER BRAINS OUT FOR WHAT SHE DID TO MY BODY--AND WHAT EXTE-CHOP REPLACED IT WITH...
...PLASTIC SKIN. HYDRAULIC MUSCLES...
...ALMOST NOTHING HUMAN LEFT...
...WANTED TO KILL HER FOR BLASTING ME TO PIECES--
SHIELD
--BUT SHE'S RUN THE SHOW FROM THE START. SHE'S RUN MY MIND.
AND SHE'S IN MY MIND. ALL THE TIME.
SOMETIMES I LISTEN.
--CLEANING SMELLS THAT BURN THE NOSTRILS--CONGESTED LUNGS AND MACHINES THAT CARRY BLOOD--
SOMETIMES I WATCH...
--A HORRID PLACE TO DIE, THIS HOSPITAL--
--AND DOWN THIS HALL--THE EMPTY THING THAT DREW ME HERE...
...PAST THE DOCTORS...
...WITH THEIR GREEDY STARES...



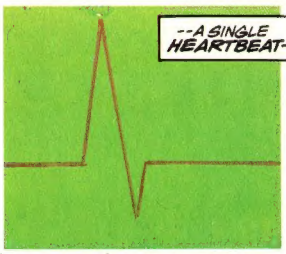
YES, I MUST STRENGTHEN THE THOUGHT IF I AM TO SURVIVE THE LINK ALREADY I SHARE WITH GARRETT. THE RISK IS GREAT.



--NO. I AM NO COLLEGE GIRL.
THE PAST IS DEAD.
YOU WILL NOT DEFEAT ME, MATT.

I AM NOT AFRAID. NOT OF MATT AND THE CHILDISH THING WE SHARED--
--NOT OF THIS STUPID GIRL AND HER STUPID WISH--
--STUPID--
--SHE SHOULD BE GRATEFUL NOT TO--
--SHE IS PUNY-- NOTHING MORE THAN A MASK I WILL WEAR--TO COVER MY BODY AND MIND--
--TO USE AND TOSS ASIDE. I AM NOT AFRAID.

A SIMPLE PUSH--


--A SINGLE HEARTBEAT--

--MY NAME IS SANDY--
--I AM NINETEEN YEARS OLD--

...WHAT'S SHE UP TO? I DON'T--
--JESUS--WHAT'S THAT SMELL...
SNIF
KEN WILL SEE YOU NOW, FRIENDS.

SPECIAL AGENT HONDA, MR. WIND. THESE ARE SPECIAL AGENTS MINELLI AND GARRETT.
CALL ME KEN.
KEN--SENATOR WILLING ON LINE THREE. THAT SPY FUNDING THING.
HE DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.
--THAT SMELL--
--LIKE MAYONNAISE GONE BAD...
...GOD, IT'S AWFUL...
...IT...
...IT'S COMING OUT OF HIM...
...KEN WIND...
HAVE A SEAT, FRIENDS. THIS WON'T TAKE A MINUTE.
NOBODY ELSE SEEMS TO NOTICE...
BOB--NOT FOLDING ON US, ARE YOU?...
...SURE, BOB, I'M SURE FURY DID MAKE SENSE. THERE'S ALWAYS TWO SIDES TO AN ISSUE.
I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO BE ON MINE...
...AGENT MINELLI, I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS MY SUPPORT AND ADMIRATION FOR THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT...
...WELL, I'M REALLY CRUSHED TO HEAR THAT, BOB. YOU KNOW I'D BEEN EYEING YOU FOR THE SUPERFUNDS...
...THAT'S RIGHT, BOB. THE SUPERFUNDS...
...THE MORE HE TALKS...
...THE WORSE IT GETS...
...AGENT HONDA, LET ME SAY THAT I REGARD THE JAPANESE AMERICAN AS A CRUCIAL MEMBER OF THE VOTER COALITION...
...SURE, BOB. THEY ALWAYS TELL ME I GIVE GOOD INPUT...
...RIGHT, BOB. WE'LL HAVE LUNCH.
CIAO.
...NOBODY...
...NOBODY ELSE SEEMS TO NOTICE...

THANKS FOR WAITING. I'M ALL YOURS.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SMOKE, ARE YOU... GARRETT, ISN'T IT?...
...YOU DON'T OWN THE AIR, FRIEND.
...MY STOMACH...
...IS TRYING TO CLIMB OUT MY THROAT...
...AND HE'S TELLING ME...
...NOT TO SMOKE...
...YOUR LIFE... IS IN DANGER, MR. WIND.
...A TRAINED ASSASSIN... IS OUT TO KILL YOU...
...I DOG PADDLE THROUGH THE MAYONNAISE...
...THE WINDOW...
...MAKE IT...
...LOOK CASUAL...
...ANY PUBLIC...
...APPEARANCE...
...WILL PUT...
...YOUR LIFE... IN EXTREME MAYONNAISE...
...I MEAN...
...EXTREME JEOPARDY...
YOU UNDERSTAND I CAN'T LET THIS LIMIT MY ACCESSIBILITY.
...THE AIR...
...IT DOESN'T COME IN...
...NOT GOING TO P
NOT...
...WAIT...
...DOWN THERE...
...ON THE STREET...
...COMING THIS WAY...
...ELEKTRA...

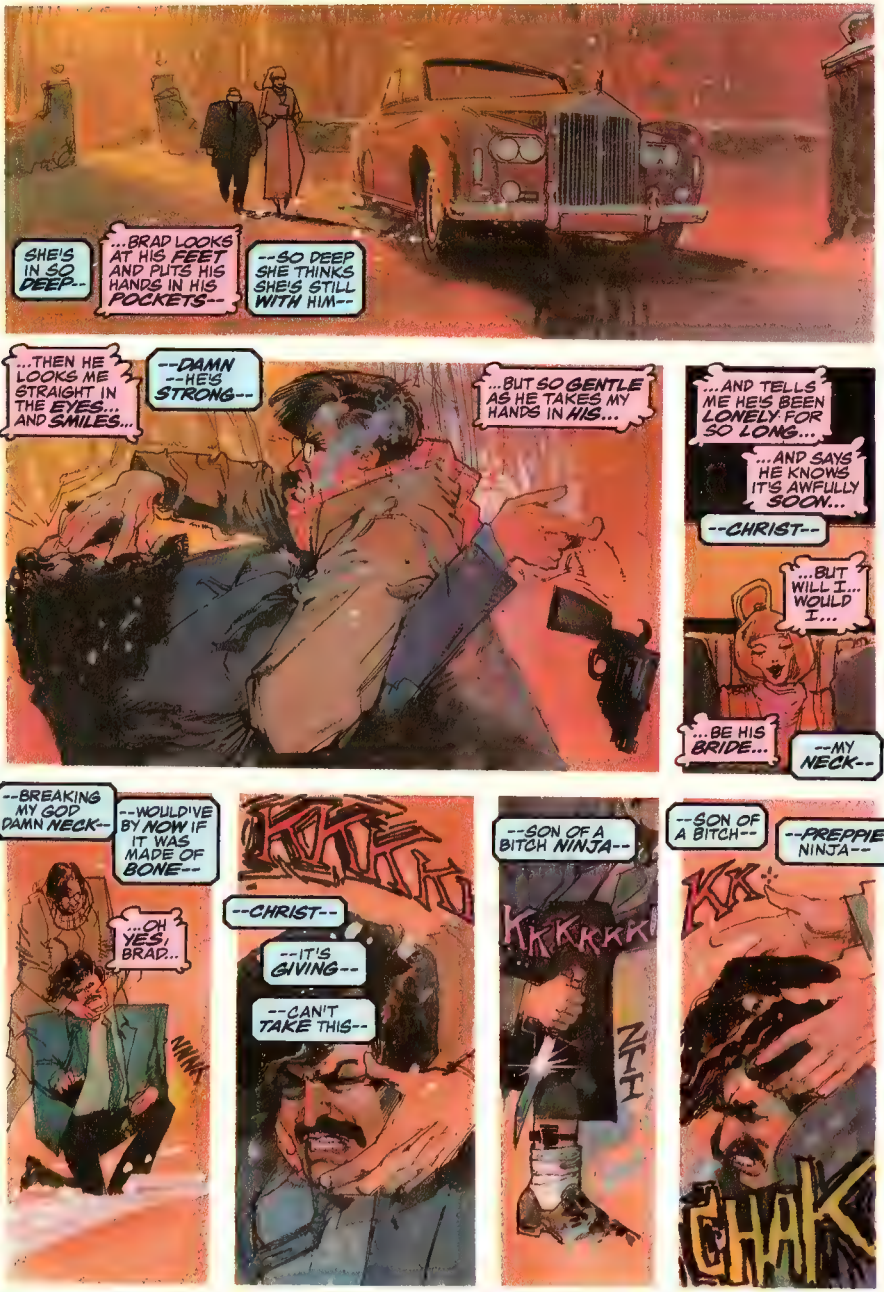
...NO... HER NAME IS SANDY...
...CRAZY...
...SHE'S NINETEEN YEARS OLD...
...SHE'S--
VOTE!
WIN WITH WIND
VOTE FOR
--NERVOUS. WHO WOULDN'T BE?
I GOT LOST THREE TIMES CROSSING TOWN.
I'M A GOOD HALF HOUR LATE.
...GOOD HALF HOUR...
BUT THEY'RE NICE, EVEN IF THEY DO GET ME WORKING BEFORE ANYBODY TELLS ME WHERE TO SIT DOWN.
GUESS MOM WAS RIGHT WHEN SHE SAID THAT CITY PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS IN A RUSH.
MY NEW JOB. IT'S CORNY, BUT MY WHOLE BODY IS TINGLY. AND IT'S NOT JUST THE JOB.
IT'S LIKE SOMETHING REALLY SPECIAL IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...
...REALLY SPECIAL...
...I'M SORRY, MR. WIND. COULD YOU SAY THAT AGAIN?...
MIND WANDERING, HM?
I WAS JUST SAYING THAT I LIKE YOU, GARRETT. YOU'RE MORE FUN TO WATCH THAN THE LATE SHOW.
I GUESS THAT'S GOOD--THAT WE LIKE EACH OTHER, I MEAN...
MAYO
...NOT GOING TO P
COULD...
MAYONNAISE.
I COULD DO IT NOW...

...WE'LL BE STICKING CLOSE UNTIL I'M IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
HASH OUT THE DETAILS WITH MY PEOPLE. THEY'RE GOOD PEOPLE.
I HATE MAYONNAISE
...WHATEVER SHE'S UP TO...
...I COULD DO IT...
...HONDA AND MINELLI...COULDN'T STOP ME...
...THEY WOULDN'T KNOW...
...UNTIL I FIRED...
...SHE'S LET GO OF MY BRAIN...FOR NOW...
THAT'S TRUE, GARRETT. BUT I KNOW.
I CAN READ YOUR MIND.
NNGAA
KKKRNCCHHH!
READ MY MIND
HE CAN READ MY MIND
AND I
OH JESUS I
I LET THEM KNOW IT'S YOU
HONEY
HONEY THEY'RE ON TO US...
BEST TO THE LITTLE WOMAN, GARRETT.
...THOUGHT I SMELLED SOMETHING. MUST BE NERVES.
THAT GUY HAS BEEN STANDING THERE SMILING AT ME FOR WHAT'S GOT TO BE ALMOST A MINUTE...
...HIS NAME IS BRAD. HE'S IN CHARGE HERE, I THINK.
HE WANTS TO TAKE ME TO LUNCH.

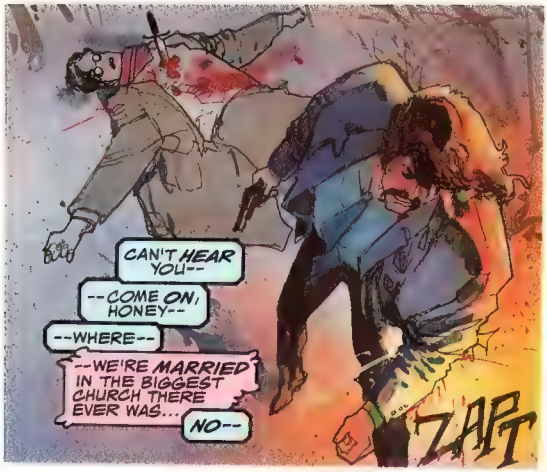
JESUS, WHAT A CREEP.
WIND? YEAH. FULL OF SHIT OR WHAT...
...HEY, GARRETT --SLOW DOWN.
WIND H.Q.
...I BLEW IT, HONEY...
...THEY'RE ON TO US...
...WE WALK--
--AND WE TALK ABOUT...
...WELL, EVERYTHING...
...HONEY--
GARRETT ...WHAT'S...
--THEY'RE ON TO US--
--AND WE'RE ALL TINGLY...
WHAT'S WITH YOU, GARRETT?
NO... IT'S ALL GOING TO HELL...
...OUR FINGERS BRUSH, JUST BY ACCIDENT...
...SOMETHING MAGICAL LEAPS, FROM HIS TO MINE...
MY LEGS ...GO A LITTLE WEAK...
NO...
JESUS, THEY'VE GOT HER...
WHAT IS IT, GARRETT?
...I SLIP--
--ON A PATCH OF ICE OR SOMETHING--HE CATCHES ME...
...SO STRONG AND SURE...
JESUS, NO--
ELEKTRA--
SANDY--
--WHOEVER THE HELL YOU ARE--
--SNAP OUT OF IT--

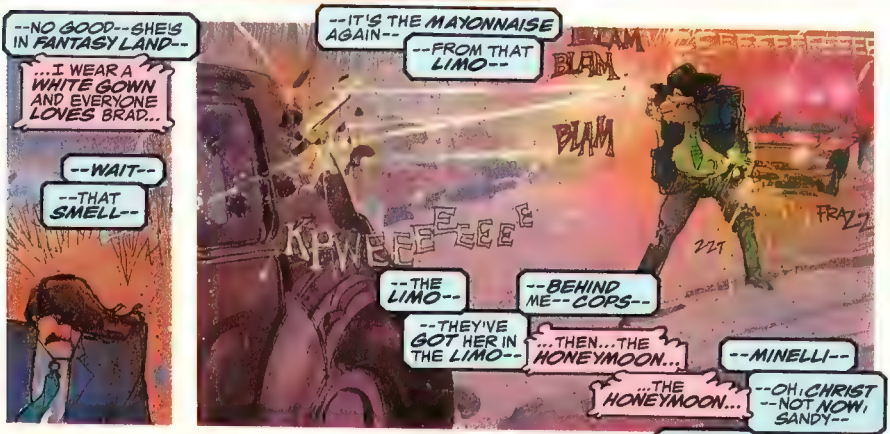
SETTLE DOWN, GARRFFF
--NO GOOD --SHE CAN'T HEAR ME--
...HE LOOKS INTO MY EYES...
--BUT--
...HE DRAWS ME CLOSE...
...OUR HEARTS BEAT AS ONE...
...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE...
...MAGICAL...
--SHE THOUGHT-- SHE WAS TAKING SANDY OVER--
GARRETT!
IT'S BULLSHIT--
--SANDY TOOK OVER--
--AND THEY--
DON'T MAKE ME WHNGG
--THEY TOOK SANDY OVER--
...I'M LIGHTER THAN AIR...
...HE'S STRONG...
...SO STRONG...
...OH BRAD...
OH, SHIT--
OH, SHIT--
GARRETT, YOU LUNATIC--
GARRETT--
WOAH, HEY, FIGHT.
FIGHT
GARRETT. I AM SO SMALL.
--ELEKTRA--
SO FAR AWAY.
SANDY IS STRONG. FAR STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT.
SHE HAS LEFT ME HERE. IN THIS ENDLESS DARKNESS.
THE BEAST. HE IS MAKING HER STRONG.
HE WILL KILL US BOTH. GARRETT. YOU ARE MY ONLY HOPE.
GARRETT.

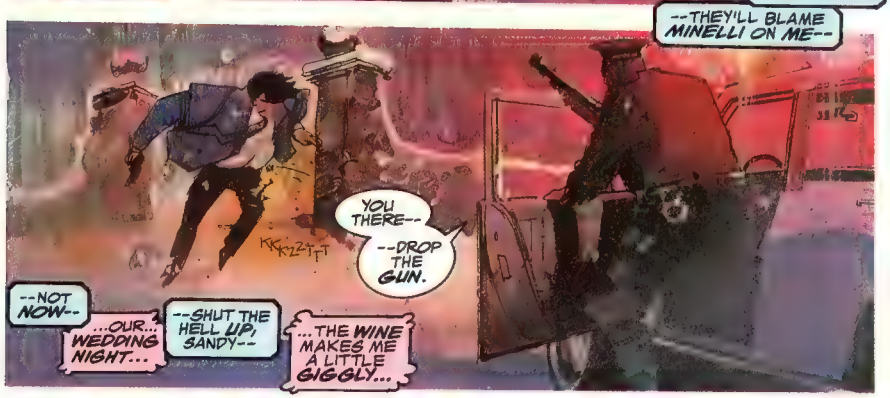
GARR
--ELEKTRA --BABY--
COME BACK--
DAMN IT, GARRETT--
...DON'T WEIGH AN OUNCE...
...NOT AN OUNCE...
THE MUSIC SWELLS...
I'VE GONE QUAD.
CHAK
GAR
...BRAD...
...BRAD...
THAT DOES IT, GARRETT--
BLAM
...LUCKY AS HELL MINELLI DIDN'T AIM LOWER AND HIT THE WAD OF PLASTIQUE I HID IN MY CALF...
...FOR THE LONGEST TIME NEITHER OF US SAYS A WORD...
...NOT A WORD...
--THEY CUT THROUGH THE PARK--
--LOST SIGHT OF THEM--
ZKKZZZTTT
BZZZT
POP
SNAP
YOU'VE LOST HER, GARRETT.
BRAD--
KRNNGTTH
...OH, BRAD...

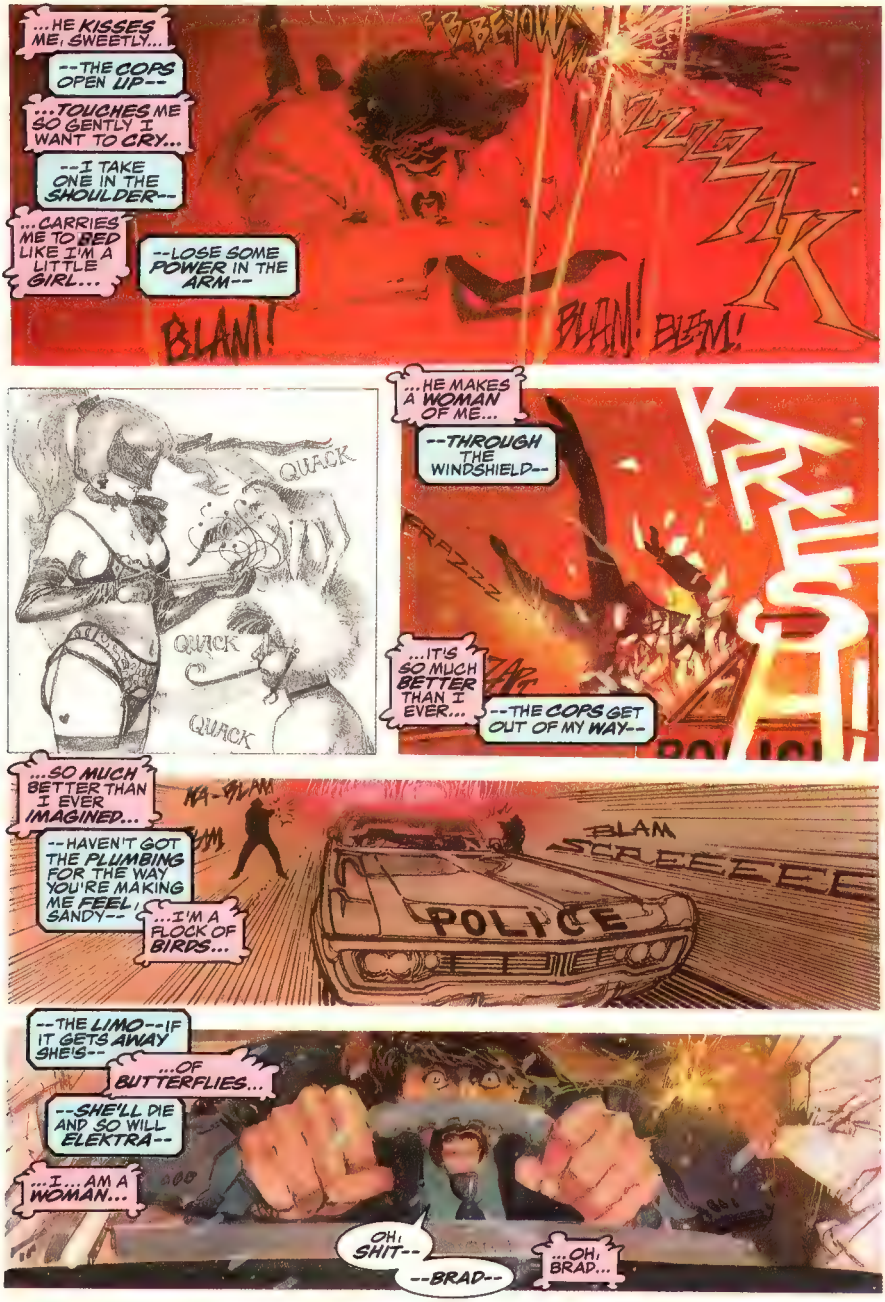

SHE'S IN SO DEEP--
...BRAD LOOKS AT HIS FEET AND PUTS HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS--
--SO DEEP SHE THINKS SHE'S STILL WITH HIM--
...THEN HE LOOKS ME STRAIGHT IN THE EYES... AND SMILES...
--DAMN --HE'S STRONG--
...BUT SO GENTLE AS HE TAKES MY HANDS IN HIS...
...AND TELLS ME HE'S BEEN LONELY FOR SO LONG...
...AND SAYS HE KNOWS IT'S AWFULLY SOON...
--CHRIST--
...BUT WILL I... WOULD I...
...BE HIS BRIDE...
--MY NECK--
--BREAKING MY GOD DAMN NECK--
--WOULD'VE BY NOW IF IT WAS MADE OF BONE--
...OH YES, BRAD...
NNNK
KAK
--CHRIST--
--IT'S GIVING--
--CAN'T TAKE THIS--
--SON OF A BITCH NINJA--
KKKKKK
ZTI
--SON OF A BITCH--
--PREPPIE NINJA--
KK
CHAK

FREEZE, GARRETT--
MINELLI--
FFFFAZZZZZZZ
ZZT
ZAKK
--GET OUT OF HERE--
BLAM
I SAID F
GOD DAMN
BRAD
SON OF A BITCH USED MY GUN
MY GUN
BLAME
IT
ON
ME--
THEY'LL
BLAM
BLAM
ZZZT
STAKK
ZZZT
THUD
SON OF A BITCH--
CHAKKKKKKKK
STAB
ZZZZTT
--SON OF A BITCH--

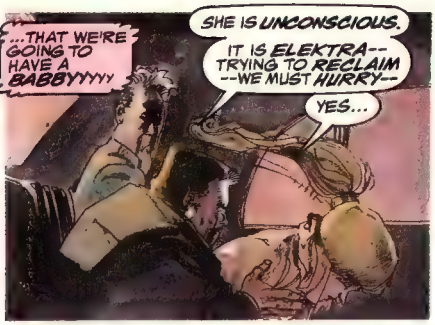

CAN'T HEAR YOU--
--COME ON, HONEY--
--WHERE--
--WE'RE MARRIED IN THE BIGGEST CHURCH THERE EVER WAS...
NO--
ZAP


--NO GOOD--SHE'S IN FANTASY LAND--
...I WEAR A WHITE GOWN AND EVERYONE LOVES BRAD...
--WAIT--
--THAT SMELL--
--IT'S THE MAYONNAISE AGAIN--
--FROM THAT LIMO--
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
KPWEEEEEEEE
FRAZZ
--THE LIMO--
--BEHIND ME--COPS--
--THEY'VE GOT HER IN THE LIMO--
...THEN...THE HONEYMOON...
...THE HONEYMOON...
--MINELLI--
--OH, CHRIST --NOT NOW, SANDY--


--THEY'LL BLAME MINELLI ON ME--
KKKZZTTT
YOU THERE--
--DROP THE GUN.
--NOT NOW--
...OUR... WEDDING NIGHT...
--SHUT THE HELL UP, SANDY--
...THE WINE MAKES ME A LITTLE GIGGLY...


...HE KISSES ME, SWEETLY...
--THE COPS OPEN UP--
...TOUCHES ME SO GENTLY I WANT TO CRY...
--I TAKE ONE IN THE SHOULDER--
...CARRIES ME TO BED LIKE I'M A LITTLE GIRL...
--LOSE SOME POWER IN THE ARM--
BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
...HE MAKES A WOMAN OF ME...
--THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD--
...IT'S SO MUCH BETTER THAN I EVER...
--THE COPS GET OUT OF MY WAY--
...SO MUCH BETTER THAN I EVER IMAGINED...
--HAVEN'T GOT THE PLUMBING FOR THE WAY YOU'RE MAKING ME FEEL, SANDY--
...I'M A FLOCK OF BIRDS...
BLAM
SCREEEEE
POLICE
--THE LIMO--IF IT GETS AWAY SHE'S--
...OF BUTTERFLIES...
--SHE'LL DIE AND SO WILL ELEKTRA--
...I... AM A WOMAN...
OH, SHIT--
--BRAD--
...OH, BRAD...

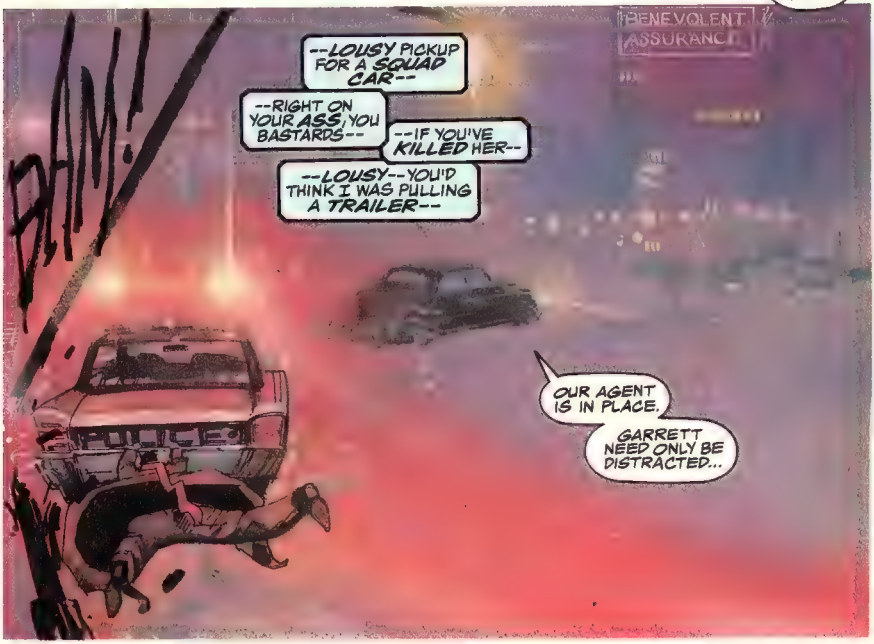
--STILL ALIVE--
...OH, GOD, BRAD...
--JUMPING-- ON THE BACK OF THE CAR--
...OH GOD IT'S SO WONDERFUL...
--MINELLI --THEY'LL BLAME ME FOR--
OH, GOD
HOPE THIS IS AS GOOD FOR YOU AS IT IS FOR ME, BRAD.
OH, GOD, DON'T STOP
--SON OF A BITCH--
--NEVER BELIEVE ME--
ZAKKK
KKKKSSH
GARRETT DOES NOT KNOW THE WAY OF THE NINJA.
HE WILL BE HELPLESS AGAINST THEIR MAGIC.
I MUST USE WHAT WILL I HAVE.
I MUST TAKE THE GREATEST RISK.
I MUST BE FREE...
...AND BRAD ALMOST CRIES WHEN I TELL HIM...


...THAT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A BABBYYYYY
SHE IS UNCONSCIOUS.
IT IS ELEKTRA-- TRYING TO RECLAIM --WE MUST HURRY--
YES...

CAN'T HEAR SANDY--
--IF THOSE BASTARDS KILLED HER--
BLAM

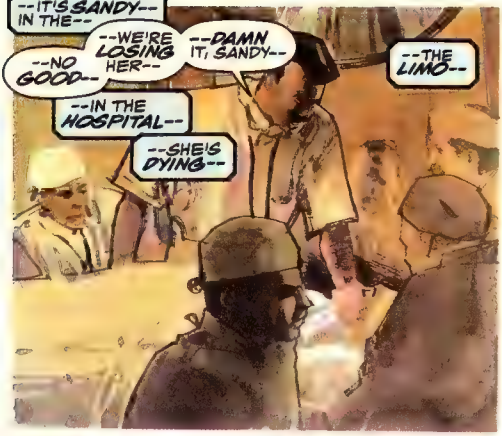
BOHAHH

STILL THAT ONE PURSUES US.
I WILL TEND TO HIM.

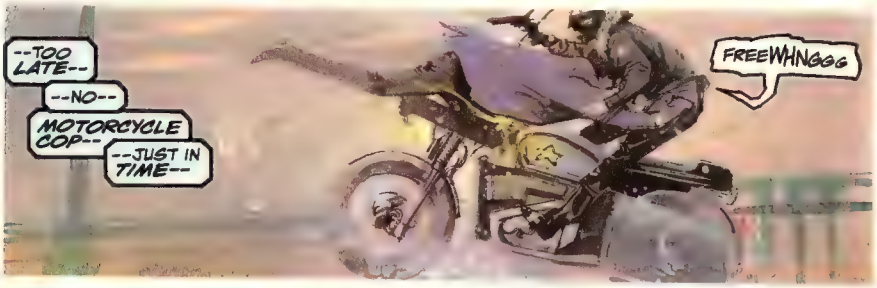

BENEVOLENT ASSURANC
BAM!
--LOUSY PICKUP FOR A SQUAD CAR--
--RIGHT ON YOUR ASS, YOU BASTARDS--
--IF YOU'VE KILLED HER--
--LOUSY--YOU'D THINK I WAS PULLING A TRAILER--
OUR AGENT IS IN PLACE.
GARRETT NEED ONLY BE DISTRACTED...

THOUGHT I'D SEEN YOU IN DEEP SHIT BEFORE, GARRETT.
STOLEN POLICE CRUISER--SHIELD AGENT MURDERED WITH YOUR GUN.
DON'T GIVE ME THIS, PERRY. YOU'RE DEAD AND BURIED. SLANT BASTARDS ARE JUST SCREWING WITH MY BRAIN.
HOW CAN I BE DEAD WHEN THERE'S STILL SHITS LIKE YOU TO GIVE THE BIG PAYBACK TO, GARR?
SEE, THE SHITS AT EXTECHOP-- I MEAN, I'M LIKE THE SHOT THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.
MAKING ME THEIR SHOWCASE, GARR.
AND ONCE THEY'RE FINISHED-- IT'LL BE A BAD TIME FOR SHITS LIKE YOU, MAN.
YOU AND THAT GIRLFRIEND OF YOURS. BITCH MESSED UP MY WHOLE WEEK.
SO THERE I AM, RIGHT, DOING THE BIG FLOAT, I MEAN, LIKE NOWHERE SINCE THAT BEAVE PLAYED MR. POTATO HEAD WITH ME...
...AND ALL AT ONCE I MAKE SOME FRIENDS. WE CUT A DEAL.
MAKE A RIGHT AT THE NEXT CORNER, GARR.
WHHKKK
SEE, GARR, BRAD, HE'S ONE OF MY NEW FRIENDS.
THAT BITCH OF YOURS, SHE MADE YOU STUPID, GARR. NOW, BRAD, HE'LL BE CUTTING THROUGH THE SOFT PARTS OF YOUR NECK WITH THAT WIRE.
ME, I'LL WATCH.
NGGGG
NO--
--STILL--A CHANCE--

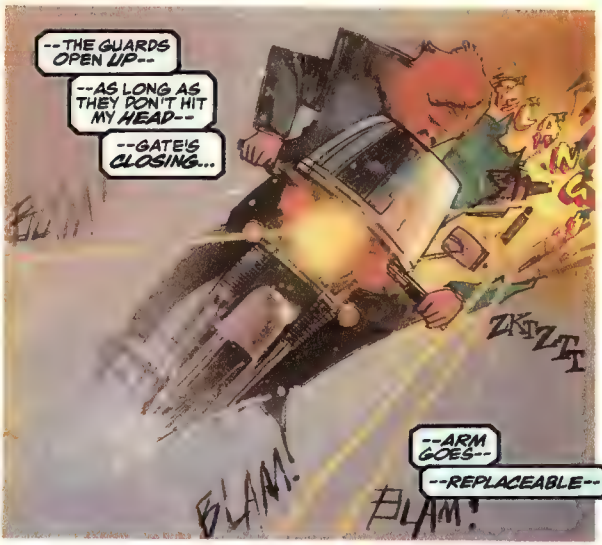
--CAN'T-- REACH AROUND--
--BUT--
--BUT I'M NOT HUMAN--
--NOT--
--MOST OF ME--
--REPLACEABLE--
--REPLACEABLE--
PERRY FOR CHRIST SAKE HE'S DEAD
--DO IT--
ACES, GARR.
YOU'RE FINALLY TIPPING TO THE ADVANTAGES.
KBLAM
RIGHT, RIGHT--
--HE'LL KEEP ON YOU IF YOU DON'T SPRAY SOME GRAY--
BLAM
NOW I BETTER TELL YOU, GARR-- JUST SO WE CAN PARTY ONCE I'M ON MY FEET--
--THAT BRAD HERE IS RIGGED TO POP--
--YOU KNOW...
...THAT'S RIGHT...
...LATER, GARR.
I STAY AWAKE--
--BUT IT'S ALL CRAZY
WHY DO I SEE A CARDIOGRAM
IN THE HOSPITAL
REDLINE, DOCTOR--
--NO RESPONSE--
SANDY--
ZZZZZT

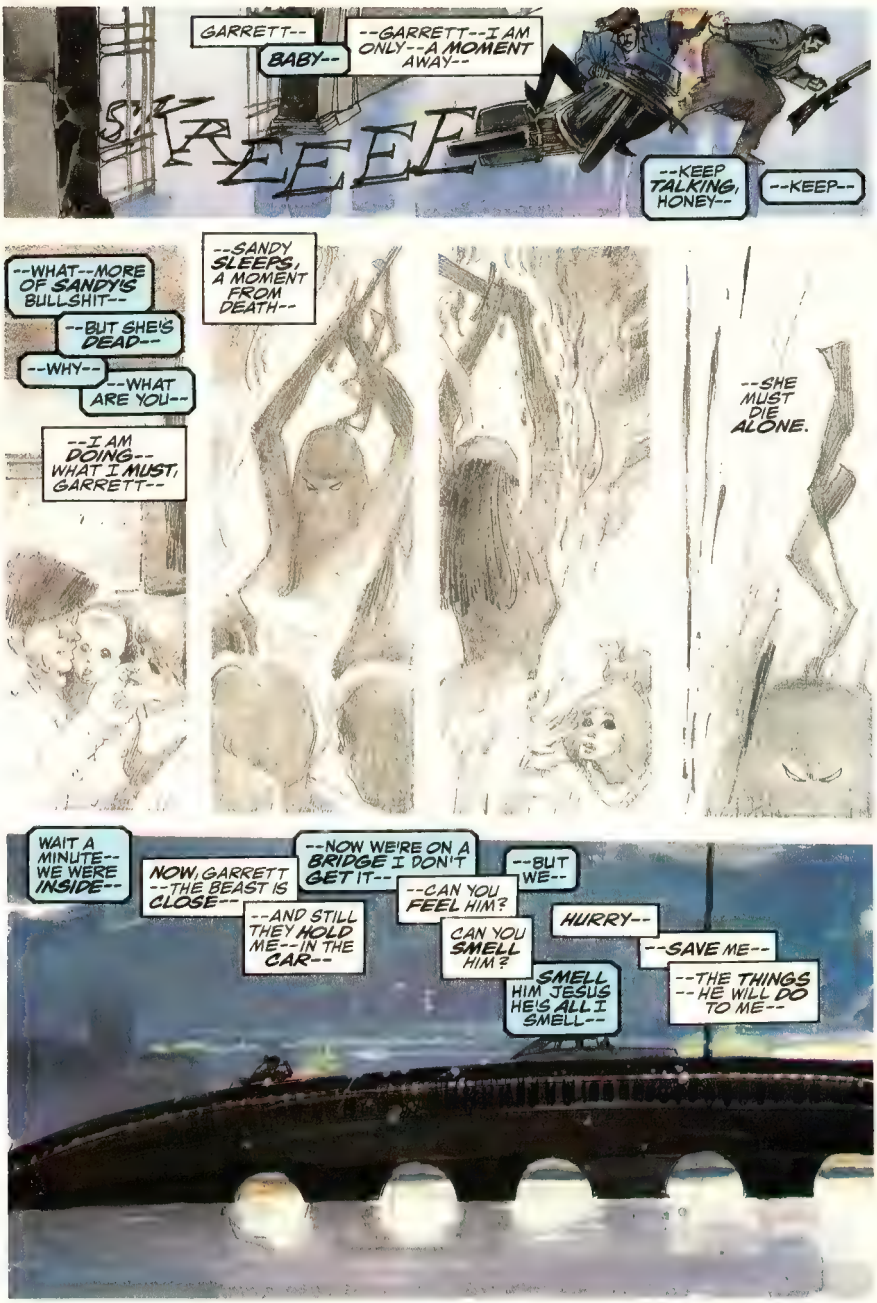

--IT'S SANDY-- IN THE--
--WE'RE LOSING HER--
--DAMN IT, SANDY--
--NO GOOD--
--THE LIMO--
--IN THE HOSPITAL--
--SHE'S DYING--

--PULLING INTO THAT OFFICE BUILDING--
--WHAT ARE THEY DOING--
BENEVOLENT ASSURANCE
CLOSE THE GATE.
SHOOT TO KILL.
YES, SIR.


--TOO LATE--
--NO--
MOTORCYCLE COP--
--JUST IN TIME--
FREEWHNGGG

SHE'S GONE. RECORD THE TIME.
GOOD-BYE, SANDY.
--HOSPITAL AGAIN--
--SANDY--
NEVER MIND
--OR ELEKTRA--
--WHO DIED--
NO TIME


--THE GUARDS OPEN UP--
--AS LONG AS THEY DON'T HIT MY HEAD--
--GATE'S CLOSING...
BLAM!
ZKSYZLTT
--ARM GOES--
--REPLACEABLE--
BLAM!


GARRETT--
BABY--
--GARRETT--I AM ONLY--A MOMENT AWAY--
FREEE
--KEEP TALKING, HONEY--
--KEEP--
--WHAT--MORE OF SANDY'S BULLSHIT--
--BUT SHE'S DEAD--
--WHY--
--WHAT ARE YOU--
--I AM DOING-- WHAT I MUST, GARRETT--
--SANDY SLEEPS, A MOMENT FROM DEATH--
--SHE MUST DIE ALONE.
WAIT A MINUTE-- WE WERE INSIDE--
NOW, GARRETT --THE BEAST IS CLOSE--
--AND STILL THEY HOLD ME--IN THE CAR--
--NOW WE'RE ON A BRIDGE I DON'T GET IT--
--BUT WE--
--CAN YOU FEEL HIM?
CAN YOU SMELL HIM?
HURRY--
--SAVE ME--
SMELL HIM JESUS HE'S ALL I SMELL--
--THE THINGS --HE WILL DO TO ME--

--I AM ALMOST-- BACK--
--BABY--I--
--GARRETT-- DON'T WORRY-- ABOUT MY LIFE--
--THE BEAST IS CLOSE--
I'M BREATHING MAYONNAISE--
--PASSING OUT--
--CAN'T TELL WHERE I AM--
--GARRETT --THE BEAST--
--IS IT A BRIDGE--
--OR A PARKING LOT?
--IS IT--
--NO--
--THE BEAST --HE TRICKS YOU--
--IGNORE HIM--
--ONLY WEAPON--
--NO TIME--
--IT'S ALL OR--
--YES, GARRETT--
--YES--
VRAOOWW
--ONLY WEAPON LEFT--
--IS THE BIKE--
--WATCH YOUR ASS, BABY--
--YES--
--BABY, GET OUT--
CLOSE
--THE GAS TANK--
GARRETT I AM CLOSE
FRAKKKK
--GET OUT--

--THE LIMO--
--GOES UP--
--I'VE KILLED HER--
--MAYBE SHE JUMPED CLEAR--
--DON'T FALL--
--IT'S--
--CHRIST THE SMELL--
--IT'S--
--CHRIST IT'S REAL--
GOD
--MOTHER OF CHRIST OH CHRIST THAT LAUGH--
--COMING CLOSE--
--IT'S HUGE OH CHRIST--
--PLASTIQUE--
--KILLED HER--
--PLASTIQUE --ONLY HOPE--
--IT'S RIGHT ON TOP OF ME OH JESUS--
--JESUS--
--PIN--
--PULL THE PIN--
--HUGE IT'S--
SSSSSSSSS
FAP!
NO--

--NO, GARRETT. YOU CANNOT DIE.
NOT YET.
BREATHE...

COMMUNIQUÉS

c/o Epic Comics, 387 Park Avenue South, 10th Floor, New York, NY 10016

THE MILK IS SPILLED...

Tony Giantomuso
Cochrane, Alta

Dear Archie,

Just a quick note to let you know I thought **Elektra: Assassin #1** was appropriately strange and beautiful, even if I had absolutely no idea what was going on. Oh, well. As Zaphod Beeblebrox once said, "Anything for a weird life."

J. Blocher
Tucson, AZ

Dear sirs,
Re: **Elektra: Assassin #1**

Shades of **Moonshadow,** here. We see **Sienkiewicz** achieving fruition with the experiments he began three years ago. Many people have difficulty in accepting the impressionistic use of color and the often wildly abstracted forms. But if we look back to his work on **Moon Knight** we see whatever justification we may need that he is a good artist, and can then accept whatever he might do. Like **Picasso,** first he drew like **Raphael** and then he became original.

Not to forget **Miller.** The man has surely reached the pinnacle of his career. What he's done might very well revolutionize the process of comic book writing. His method of writing has cleverly eliminated the clumsy and often distracting thought balloon while also providing a truer view of how and what people are thinking.

And despite this rather analytical view of **Elektra,** it was also damn fun reading.

David Anderson
Brooklyn Park, MN

Dear Mr. Goodwin,

Elektra: Assassin is some of the finest (if not the best) work **Frank Miller** has ever done. It even topped his recent issues on **Daredevil** and **The Dark Knight** for **DC.** The events dealing with Elektra's birth were very shocking. I never knew the details of Elektra's birth or origin, and this story gave me an idea. I was really glad you could fit Matt into the story (if only for a few panels).

As for **Bill Sienkiewicz,** (how does he get "Sinkevitch" out of that?), I'm not too sure about his art. His old **Moon Knight** stuff is some of the best I've ever seen, but this book looks like he drew while on acid. I'll have to keep in mind that Elektra was drugged during this story, which I hope accounts for her abstract thinking. If she is sane and/or not drugged next issue, I hope the art will reflect **Bill**'s true talents. All in all, it was a great book and I'm looking forward to next issue.

Eric Reynolds
Huntington Beach, CA

Dear Epic,

I am really sorry I have to be the one to tell you this, but... **Sienkiewicz** *stinks*!

When I went into the local Comic Exchange, I saw **Elektra** and said to myself, "Wow! My favorite character, Elektra! I gotta buy this!" I didn't open it until I got home. I was so excited to see what it was like. I opened it up and "Yuk! What is this stuff?" Not art for one thing! My best friend's little brother (he is in third grade) can even draw better than this. (Mainly page 16, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, and 6th panel and page 25, last panel).

I can say one good thing for this book, the storyline was terrific. I have always enjoyed **Miller**'s art.

Epic Equals Excellence!

Dave Kinder
Sunrise, FL

Dear Marvel,

Elektra: Assassin, please, next issue don't call her an assassin. We all know that she's only fighting for her life.

On the cover of **issue #1** she's holding a huge gun. Of course it's only cover art, but she reminds me of an imaginary wife of the Punisher.

The art is magnificent in the way of children's playful drawings and the childish drawings lasting till the end of the comic when she is a full grown woman.

My favorite part of this comic was the reappearance of Stick and his warriors.

John Purmalietis
St. Paul, MN

Dear Mr. Goodwin,

Congratulations on the first issue of **Elektra**! I must admit that I'm not an avid reader of comic books, but I found this one particularly intriguing. The integration of different drawing and coloring styles worked beautifully. That is to say, they were not gratuitous transitions, but ones that effectively revealed something about the character. The abrupt time and location changes created a disorienting and disturbing atmosphere, i.e., the world from an insane person's point of view. I hope that the forthcoming issues are equally as innovative.

Herbert Hawthorn
Red Bank, NJ

epic-grams

FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE CONVENTION TRAIL

Hi. I'm **Archie Goodwin,** editorial director of Marvel's **Epic Comics** line. If that statement strikes a familiar note, it's probably because that's the way I usually begin my cartoon editorials on the inside front cover of many of our books. This isn't one of those. Those I throw in for whatever amusement value they may have in comics of ours that don't need the space for something more vital. Hopefully there'll be amusement value in these **Epic–Grams** as they appear, but just as hopefully they'll provide you with interesting information about our creators, our staff, and our many different projects. Doesn't sound like too bad a thing, right? So why do I feel this sense of dread with each word that I type?

THE DREAD THAT DARES TO SPEAK ITS NAME

Pick up almost any comic book these days and somewhere within it you'll find a page like this. I believe it was the **Bullpen Bulletins** page in the mainstream Marvel books that really started the current trend. It was a unique way to give readers a look backstage and to get them involved not just in one comic, but in the entire Marvel line. It certainly worked that way for me when I was a reader. It was hype, sure, but it was fun. But now, there are now reams of material available minutely detailing everything from an editor's daily schedule to, worst of all, rambling discourses on how close the deadline is on the page being written and how the writer of same can't really decide what to write about. Originally, my editorial cartoons were an attempt to avoid adding to this glut (and to satirize some of the editorial posturing a bit). But the cartoon approach is also limiting. If a reader is genuinely interested in learning more about any of our titles beyond the one he or she is reading, there's no checklist for them to refer to. So, gradually if reluctantly, I've come to admit that a page like this can be a good and necessary thing. My dread? That it can also be pretentious, trivial, and, most loathsome of all, boring. Can I avoid all that? I have a hunch there are now a lot of you who'll be pretty quick to scream and get me back on track if I fail.

ARE YOU KIDDING? GIVE US SOME NEWS OR WE'LL SCREAM RIGHT NOW

Okay. But only a tidbit. Do you know the name **Jean Giraud?** How about **Moebius?** Well, they're the same person and that person is one of the most honored cartoonists in Europe and quite possibly the best comics and fantasy artist in the world. At the **San Diego Comic Convention** I just left, Marvel's editor in chief, **Jim Shooter,** and I had a meeting with **Jean–Marc Lofficier, David Scroggy,** and **Randy Lofficier** of Giraud's company, **Starwatcher Graphics, Inc.,** and laid the groundwork for publishing what will be a definitive English language collection of Moebius's best fantasy work, the equivalent of *six* graphic novels. We're still in the contract stages, but everyone has sort of "agreed to agree" on the project and from here it looks like this could be one of the most exciting graphic story events of 1986–87 (If you can't end a hype page with hype, you shouldn't be doing it, right?)

checklist

SEPTEMBER

THE BOZZ CHRONICLES #6—Bozz, Mandy and Salem travel to darkest Africa searching for "King Solomon's Spaceship", by David Michelinie and Bret Blevins. Final issue of the series.

GROO THE WANDERER #23—Groo battles—and bumbles—a mighty foe in "Pal'N' Drumm" by Sergio Aragonés with Mark Evanier.

ELEKTRA #4—Modern romance isn't easy, as Garrett and Elektra find out when everyone's out to kill them in "Young Love" written by Frank Miller and illustrated by Bill Sienkiewicz. *Adult themes, language and nudity.*

ELFQUEST #18—Searing secrets inside Blue Mountain are the subject of (what else?) "The Secret of Blue Mountain" by Wendy and Richard Pini.

STEELGRIP STARKEY #3—It's the frozen dangers of Alaska for Starkey and the All Purpose Power Tool in "Natural Causes", by Alan Weiss and Jim Sherman. Third issue in a six-issue limited series.

SWORDS OF THE SWASHBUCKLERS #10—Raadar and the Swashbucklers try to save a ruler whose stubborn pride threatens his entire planet in "The Prince", by Bill Mantlo and Geof Isherwood.

OCTOBER

ALIEN LEGION #17—by Alan Zelenetz, Larry Stroman and Randy Emberlin.

ELEKTRA #5—by Frank Miller and Bill Sienkiewicz.

ELFQUEST #19—by Wendy and Richard Pini.

GROO #24—by Sergio Aragonés with Mark Evanier.

MOONSHADOW #11—by Marc DeMatteis and Jon J Muth.

STEELGRIP STARKEY #4—by Alan Weiss, Val Mayerik and Sam de la Rosa.

GRAPHIC NOVELS

THE ALIEN LEGION GRAPHIC NOVEL—A Grey Day to Die—Humanity is threatened by a crazed megalomaniacal dictator and his bio-technoid warriors. Only The Alien Legion can stop galactic anarchy. By Carl Potts, Alan Zelenetz, Frank Cirocco, Terry Austin and Steve Oliff.

epic *n.* (1706) **1:** a literary work of art celebrating the deeds of a legendary hero. **2:** *(adj)* Possessing scope and grandeur: *heroic*. **3:** *(n)* a line of top-quality action/adventure comics from **Marvel.®**

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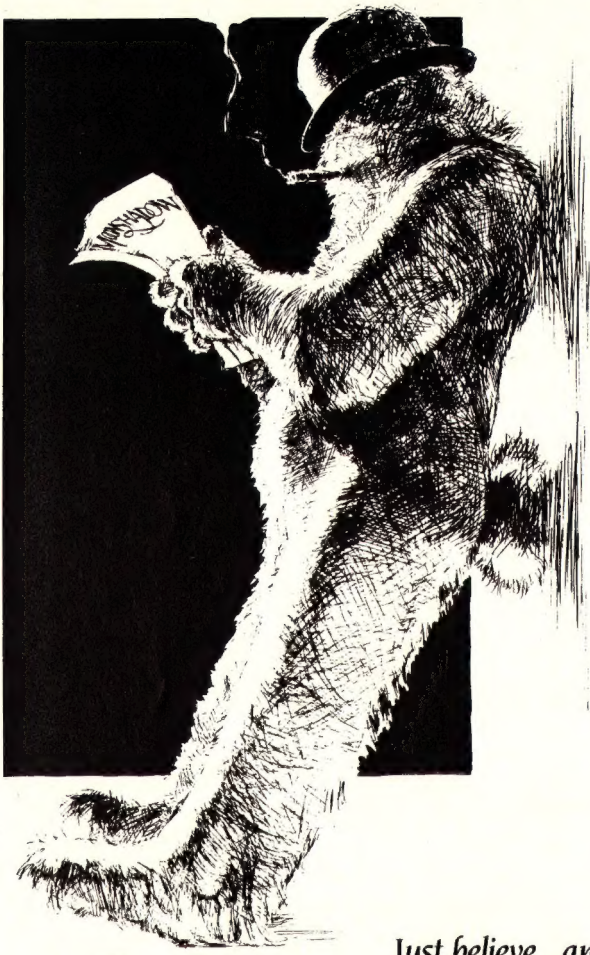

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"It's lovely. It makes you feel better about comics."
—Frank Miller

"★@#!!! That rotten no good little ____"
—Ira

Just believe...and the magic is real

MOONSHADOW™

J. M. DeMatteis & Jon J Muth

from EPIC COMICS

EPIC COMICS

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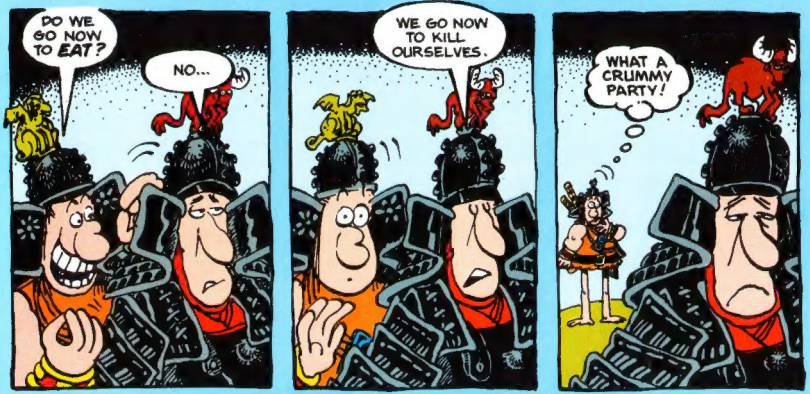
When Groo roamed the land, a warrior lived by his swords and his courage.



Brains were an optional extra.

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A Pyramid scan
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